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PLEASURES OF A PUSSYCAT
A STUDY IN PASSION
BACHELOR GIRL A-GO-GO
DATE WITH A HI-FI HOURI
ADULTS ONLY

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CLOUD 9

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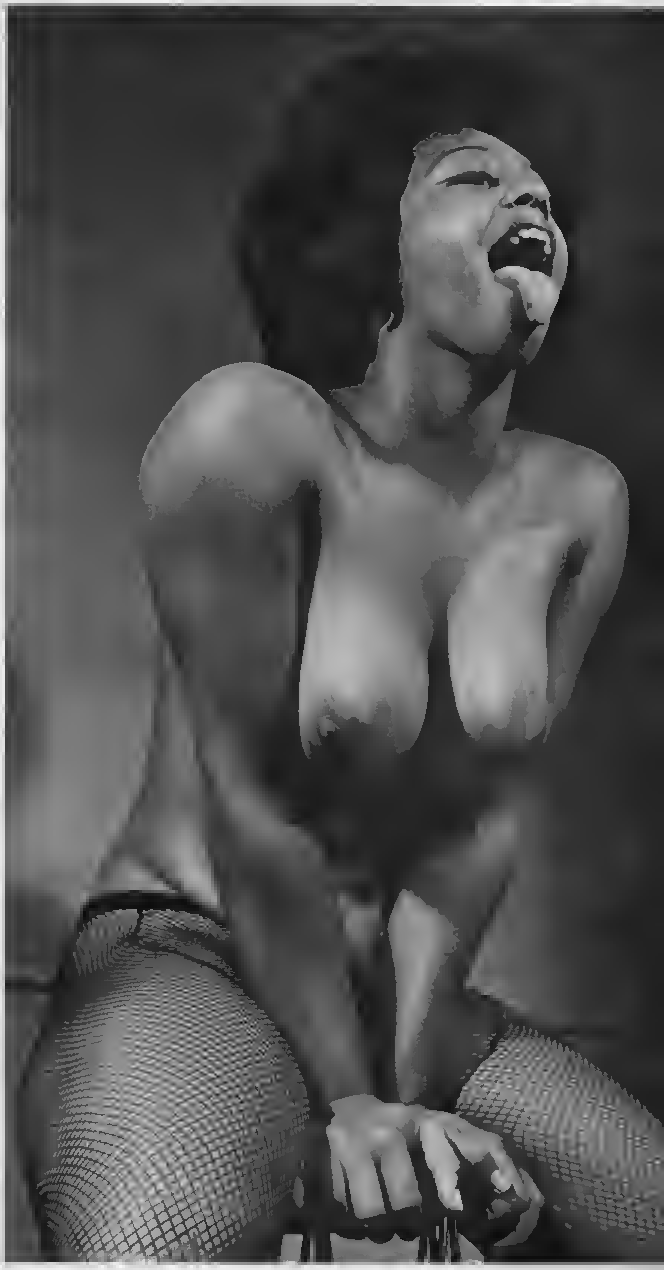

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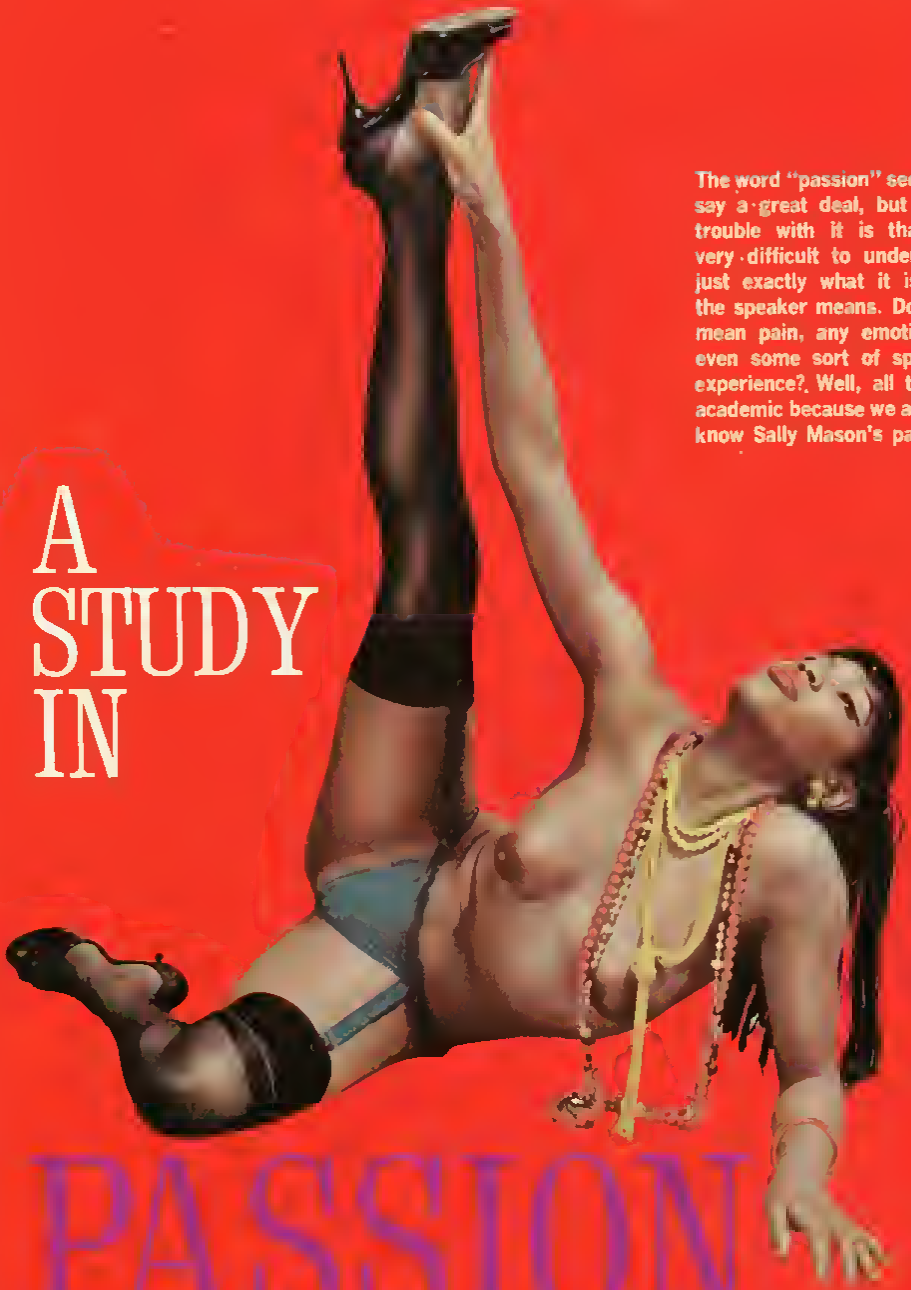
A STUDY IN PASSION



The word "passion" seems to say a great deal, but a big trouble with it is that it's very difficult to understand just exactly what it is that the speaker means. Does he mean pain, any emotion or even some sort of spiritual experience? Well, all that is academic because we already know Sally Mason's passion.

Sally is wild about two things: Modern dance and what she is in the habit of calling "far out" jewelry. She is a dancer, by the way, and spends a lot of time traveling, but always, wherever she goes, she makes it a point to stop and buy some exciting new item of jewelry to add to her large collection.

Even now, Sally is thinking of ways in which she may be able to incorporate some of her more exciting jewelry into her dance routine. Then she insists that the final result will really and truly become a study in passion.

The Gift of Love

SHE COULD CHOOSE FROM THE WEALTH OF EMPIRES YET HE DARED PROMISE THE ULTIMATE GIFT.

By Jay Drexel

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful Arab princess — and she was having a devil of a time living happily ever after. She was unmarried, you see.

Also, she was a virgin. Despite the latter, she was woman enough to sense her own deeply passionate nature — and so she wished fervently that she might be un-virgined at the earliest opportunity. Had she been a commoner, it would have happened long ago. But as a princess, she couldn't bed till wed. For one thing, that was expected of princesses. For another, her royal sex appeal was as closely guarded as the royal treasury.

So she waited and waited for her Prince Charming to show up.

Many princes journeyed from neighboring tribes to try to win her hand. Not one of them got to first base. Some of them were too fat. Some were too thin. Some were spindly. Several were boors. Almost all of them were arrogant over-dressed nincompoops, as princes so often are.

Her father, the King, was getting worried about her extended maidenhood. One day he called upon his most trusted aid and

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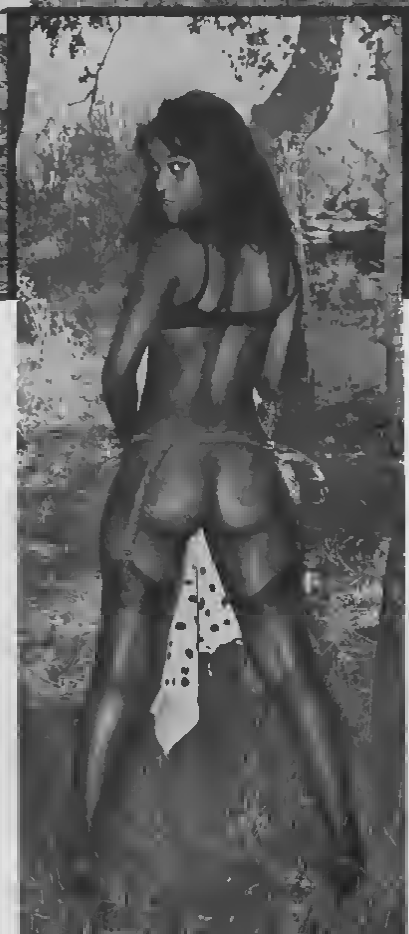
He drew his sword and lashed it across the pile of gifts.



DESIRE OF A NATURE NYMPH

Believe it or not, here is a girl who has just about anything an attractive young lady could ever ask for. In addition to the health and her obvious beauty, Doris Shaw runs her own business, a beauty parlor no less, which is very successful and makes just about all the money she can spend and save. Besides that, she has several employees so she has all the free time she can spend, too. But there is something else that she wants and she will go to almost any lengths to get it. Doris has a burning, not-too-secret desire.

You see, Doris loves the great outdoors and will do almost anything to get out into nature's beauty. As a matter of fact, one of her big dreams is to sell her business and move to a tiny farm nestled amid trees and flowers. It's not a bad desire, after all.

PARDON MY

Exposed at last—that long secret ingredient that gives men the ultimate in sex appeal.
By Seth Meridith

John Barrymore was undoubtedly one of the cinema's all time great leading he-men.

If, as the poets and sages have it, woman is a mystery, she is never more mysterious to the mere male than in her selection of his sex. Not in her choice of husbands, of course, since certain logical and serious elements reign here — such items as his health, his income, his future prospects, his disposition, his qualities of character, his qualifications as a good father to her children, to name but a few.

What concerns this article is not matrimonial selection, but rather woman's choice of motel-mates, the male (or males) she selects for partnering her rolls in the clover when more worldly considerations matter less than a whit.

In short, what gives a man sex appeal in a woman's eyes?

We males have turned our libidos outward, over the long years, for such vivid creatures as Clara Bow, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Rita Hayworth, Marilyn Monroe, Liz Taylor, Brigitte Bardot and other members of the royal succession of celebrated love-goddess images, more or less in unison.

During this period, it might be interesting to look into what male idols the girls have gone for?

There were, of course, Valentino, John Gilbert, John Barrymore, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and all the obvious opposite numbers of the she-idols named above. This author remembers all too well the panic suffered by parental members of a wealthy, socially prominent New York family when their daughter went into a flat spin over golden lunged Nelson Eddy.

More recently, he interviewed a comely young Hollywood lass who admitted a bit ruefully putting in three of her latter teen-age years in pursuit of Elvis Presley. The girls are for her all right — some of the girls anyway.

However, such obvious gods seldom seem to have held the mass-attraction for women that certain (to masculine eyes) incomprehensible characters of little or no apparent sex appeal have exerted upon millions of girls and women — such oddball types as Humphrey Bogart, Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby or Frank Sinatra — with the current crop of young singers, from Paul Anka to

SEX APPEAL

Bobby Darin, tossed in for good measure.

To deal with the final crop first, it seems apparent their somewhat shocking success is a result of mere youth plus shrewd exploitation by agents, managers, record company executives and the like. Certain, in few if any instances, can it be attributed entirely to voice or acting ability.

As for the older lady-traps, they seem perhaps slightly more plausible if only because they have been around longer. However, this was not always the case, not by the proverbial long-shot. Each one, when he made his first impression on the national entertainment scene, drew female fans by the million — and each had corresponding millions of males muttering mournfully into their brew.

Even though he began his stage career playing slick-haired lounge-lizard types before graduating into movie gangsterdom, nobody in his right mind could conceive of Humphrey Bogart as anything but a gravel-voiced little half-pint whose features betrayed an unmistakable tendency to wander with the vagueness of isobars over a weather-map.

Yet the girls went for him big, and not just on the silver screen only. His succession of wives included such brilliantly endowed and famous show-business beauties as Helen Mencken, Mary Phillips, Mayo Methot and, of course, Lauren Bacall. His rivals used to whisper, with some jealousy, that Bogie learned his profession from his series of fine-actress wives.

Even in the more or less palmy days of his youth, Rudy Vallee's eyelids sagged like a beat-up prize-fighter's at the outer corners. His cheeks lumped out like a squirrel's with a double mouthful of cashew nuts, and his front teeth, viewed through a megaphone darkly, resembled those of Harvey, the king-sized rabbit or pookah, in the famed stage and screen success of the same name (*Harvey*, that is!).

As for Vallee's voice, it was reedy, nasal, small in range and volume. In those pre-microphone days, it could not be heard twenty feet away over the noise of a crowded cabaret — without, that is, the above-mentioned megaphone. Yet a nation of women swooned over him, as they were to swoon years later over Frank Sinatra and Elvis.

As for Crosby, his countenance, even when photographed three decades ago through multiple layers of gently filtered screens, looked like nothing so much as the face of a friendly but somewhat melancholy hound-dog who had just had his natural houndly wrinkles removed by face-lifting. He was small of stature, like Bogie, his ears headed straight east and west, like Gable's, and his hairline was already melting "where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day."

Despite all these apparent detriments, however, a minimum of twenty million girls and women closed their eyes when their boy-friends or husbands were with them and pretended it was Bing.

Frank Sinatra, perhaps the most successful he-sexpot of them all, suffers from all of Bing's outer handicaps, plus an over-all anemic looking skinniness that, as the wags have put it, causes him to disappear from view while standing directly behind a reed-thin microphone pole.

Yet the girls, be they dogs or duchesses, are eager to line up and wait, patient if panting, for his slightest notice.

What have these offbeat characters got that you and I seem to lack?

For one thing, they all have, or had, voices. Bogie's may have sounded like gravel being rolled across the wiremesh bottom of a gold-miner's pan, but its connotations of virility were unmistakable... even to obtuse masculine ears.

If Rudy's was reedy and nasal as the alto sax he used to play while fronting his band, he was the first of the crooners. Coming after a succession of Jolson's braying bleats and Irish tenor falsettos, his honeyed tones sounded all sorts of suggestive and intimate innuendo in feminine ears and hearts.

Bing and Frank, in their own peculiar and inimitable styles, could sing. So what's the answer — is it the voice?

A virile voice helps, of course.

(continued on page 58)

M.M. was once queen of sex goddesses

the double DAMSEL frolic

E

!

As a matter of fact, the girls never see one another during the week at all and only occasionally on the weekends. When they do, though, they have a frolic!

Many's the time the girls will do all their apartment chores together on a weekend and will have a ball while in the process of all their work. But this can be a bit tiring, too, so they often take a short nap!

WINNING THE WOMAN WAR

Oh, the horror of it all! Here is inside information on a dastardly plot that women have been cooking up to fry us all.

You, the American male, are a prime target in the insidious, continual war which women have been waging since Eve gave Adam that apple in an effort to bring him down to her level. Ever since, women have fought — above-board, below-board, and even around bundling boards — to be considered equal to men, and at no time in history have women been so close to their primary goal, equalization with men, as they are now. The present situation is virtually catastrophic for the American man unless he realizes what women are attempting.

The females' immediate aim, non-discrimination and equalization between the sexes, if ever attained, is just a short step from women's all-encompassing dream: *Superiority* over men. We know this sounds ridiculous, but it *can* happen, just as termites can gnaw down a mighty wooden fortress if they are allowed to go unchecked. We must protect our natural rights over women by being aware of their conniving. Adam didn't know anything was wrong until he bit into the core of that apple and started spitting seeds, Samson thought things were really swinging until he realized Delilah was still running her hands through his hair after he had left the room. We must know what is happening around us, what the threats are. More women have more apples and more scissors today than ever before.

The clamor of female voices is heard throughout the land. Just a few years ago women fought for suffrage and in 1920 made a major break-through with the 19th Amendment. If they ever agree on a single candidate (a dubious premise, I know), they will sweep the polls, as women outnumber men in this country. Women would win the election and, you can bet, they would replace the customary black drapes around the voting booths with frilly chintz curtains. A female president would start shuffling the states around like she rearranges furniture in her home. "Maybe Rhode Island would look good next to Indiana and then put Ohio on the West Coast."

Women quickly followed up their suffrage victory with other advances into what had been the male domain. The right to hold political office or to join the Army (only the French Foreign Legion has not allowed the correct male-female penetration syndrome to be reversed), the right to wear pedal-pushers, ca-

pris and other male-emulating types of pants, and virtual obliteration of the "Men Only' bar

Women are turning toward Congress and the courts to aid them in their battle for integration between the sexes Even though male supremists say, "You cannot legislate sex" Congress recently passed a law which prevents sexual discrimination in pay for men and women who perform the same jobs

The girls are now pressuring politicians with a claim that the government space program is unfair to women. They want a female astronaut. Maybe a woman could do it, I have seen a couple women's bridge parties where one or two "little ol' drinkies" were served, and, I know, women can get a whole lot higher than men with a relatively low-cost propellant, gm. But I can hear our first female astronaut calling Mercury Control while she is in her third orbit, "I've got to powder my nose, I'm going to pull into a service station for just a moment." Can you imagine the hand signals a woman astronaut would give? No one would know if she were going to make a left turn to the moon, take a right to Mars, or if she just wanted to feel the vacuum of space

Women think they should be given equal consideration with any man for any job. Recently one woman threatened to take a night-club owner to court because he would not consider her for a part in an act as a female impersonator She called it blatant discrimination against the fair sex The ladies say a woman can do anything a man can do, though I have never heard of a woman winning a beard-growing contest or successfully *defending* herself in a paternity suit.

Older women claim that they must also face the added hazard of age discrimination in the areas where women's rights are recognized For instance, in a certain county of Nevada, where prostitution is not illegal, a 57-year-old retired joy girl has re-applied for her old job (they don't call them positions because each girl has many positions, but only one job) at one of the houses She threatens to sue the madam on grounds of age discrimination if she isn't rehired And she wants a straight salary, she claims it is illegal to pay women piece-rates

This demonstrates how far afield women can carry their crusade They even claim it is unfair that women have always had to bear the young of the species, female biologists are now working on methods to share this function between the sexes

Many married women are considering a bedroom boycott until their nonsegregation demands are met No equalization, no cohabitation is their program These radicals also want to eliminate stag parties or, at least, to start a female equivalent to the stag — a doc party — complete with a young Adonis, clad in a jock strap leaping out of a cake

The focal point of the female drive for integration of the sexes is the public restroom which is now segregated throughout our country It is rumored that a delegation of women will soon begin a sit-in demonstration in men's rooms in the New York area Equal rights and plumbing fixtures for men and women are hard to visualize, but apparently women are willing to sacrifice some physical comfort for equalization They say, "A woman should stand up for her rights!"

Personally I think women are great, but I don't want them equal to men I agree with the leader of a men's supremacy group who said "I like women, but I don't want my sister to marry one."

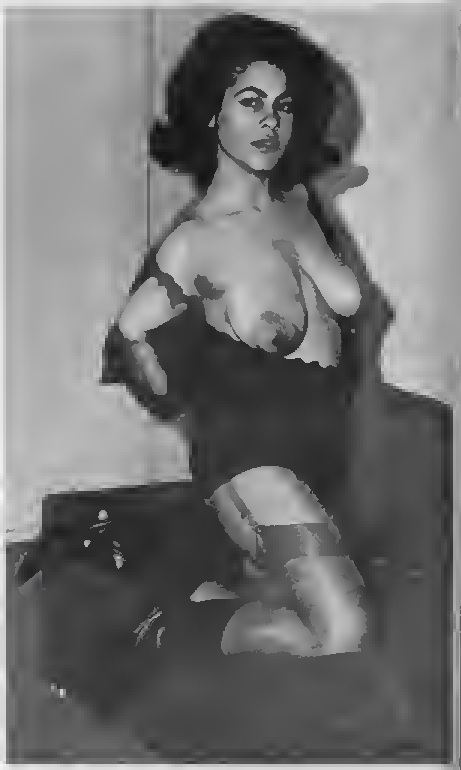
●●●

By C. L. Williams

We know that a lot of you married women consider that you have so much to do that you can never hope to get a break, and we also know that you sometimes envy girls who seem to be free of the household chores that come with marriage, but don't go around thinking that Alice Barns spends her time in a wild whirl of relaxation. Such is simply not the case. Alice is on the go almost twenty four hours every single day — and that goes for her weekends, too. She already has two jobs and is seriously in the hopes of getting yet another.

Bachelor Girl a-go-go

During the days of the week, Alice is a salesgirl in one of the department stores in downtown Los Angeles and she works there quite often on weekends, too. Then, in the evenings until about two o'clock she holds down another job in Beverly Hills as a hostess in an exclusive bar.



As if that weren't enough, Alice wants to expand her efforts into yet another field that will help her achieve her goal of a big retirement fund by the time she is thirty five. She hopes to be able to start a modeling studio with money she has saved from her other two jobs. She would do some of the modeling while some of her friends would also help. We can't deny that if she can stand the pace, it'll be a smash.

A DEVIL NAMED CARA

By [illegible] Sellers

She was lush officer bait and he knew it, but there was something else that he didn't know—something that could ruin everything he had ever believed in.

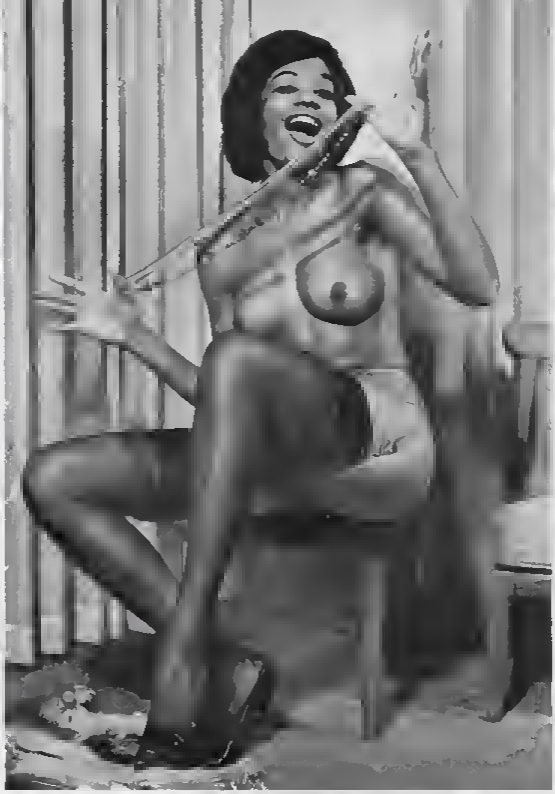
She was the only broad in a plane-load of staring GIs, and her head was on *his* shoulder. Cara Lanning was lush, lovely, stacked from here to there, and not the kind of chick to be on her way to Korea outside of a U.S.O. troupe. *(continued on page 42)*

BEADS FOR A BOUNCING BARE

Meet Candy Foster, a girl who would never think of being seen without her beads. Candy hails from Santa Monica, California and she always wears at least one (usually two) strings of beads.

Candy isn't a girl who suffers from a one-track mind, though. There are a lot of things she is fond of in addition to her collection of beads. For one thing, she loves to swim in the moonlight. That's one of the main reasons why she rents her apartment right by the beach. It may be a long drive to work in the mornings, but it's a short jump to the water at night. Candy also is a fan of Mexican food. She insists that she can eat tacos by the carload and that the only reason that she doesn't do just that is that she is not too interested in losing her attractive figure. Which, brings us to another interest — Candy's a physical fitness buff and she spends about an hour or so in daily workout.

So, we can hardly label Candy as a girl with a single interest. She has about as numerous a group of interests as any girl we know. But still and all, she will never go out if she isn't wearing her beads — even to her midnight swims, too!



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A DEVIL NAMED CARA

(continued from page 33)

She shifted long, nyloned legs and snuggled closer to him, murmuring prettily in her sleep. Brad looked across the aisle at the bug-eyed troopers, his crooked grin telling them to eat their hearts out.

Privately, he still wondered how it had happened to him. This would probably be his last job in the damned army, and it seemed he was going out in a blaze of glory. Which was strange, in light of his new duty station, where he was only marking time, where he'd stacked arms for the last few months, doing little but sweating out the papers.

Now, Cara Lanning—he smelled the musky cleanliness of her hair and blinked. He wasn't pretty and didn't collect bright sayings, he was big and scarred and rough-edged, maybe he'd once been proud. And if that wasn't enough to set him apart from others at the plush offices in Japan he could write a little.

His beatup hands pulled clean features from a typewriter that Stars & Stripes bylined, his short and easy news pieces were in demand at the Asahi Evening News and other English-language newspapers. And he could take a picture with a press camera without getting his thumb in the shutter.

That made him both different and suspect, for the others—and they were legion—didn't actually *write*. Colonels and majors and on down the line, high-priced civilian information specialists and degreed recruits freshly drafted, Japanese Nationals (never, never *Japs*) and WACs and just about everything else—didn't actually *write*. They talked a lot and manipulated charts and graphs; they clipped newspapers and put together scrapbooks and 'made policy'—whatever that was.

Which made a working slob outcast, and didn't qualify him even to say good morning to the beauteous Cara Lanning. Especially since it was plain as the bore on a GI .45 that she was stamped *Officer Stuff, Field Grade Only*.

For these past few—and *last* few—months, she'd airily ignored the dirty old infantryman somehow shipped into the rarified upper strata of command headquarters. She leaned over a couple of colonels and friendlied up to some majors, but that was SOP for an attractive civilian on an army post, as it was Standard Operating Procedure for her to snub the peasants.

The plane rode roughly over an air pocket, and Cara held tightly to him. Brad patted her hip, and watched GI heads shake in envy. After twenty years, he could tell what they thought, how they felt, almost the words they'd say. Not about Cara alone—about anything. He'd miss that fitting-in feeling, but only for awhile.

He had a fatcat job lined up in Tokyo, he was tired of wars where the enemy was allowed sanctuary, weary of sirring clowns in the Far East's Little Pentagon, clowns who bustled to work with briefcases filled with nothing, and who wore officers uniforms like honest soldiers.

The hell with them, he was taking his retirement at 38 years of age, and taking the Newsmag bureau. That would make him a civilian war correspondent, and bring money, prestige and respectability. That would be a switch.

The plane motors changed pitch and Cara Lanning uncurled, blinking up at him. 'Are we coming into Seoul?"

"Almost," Brad said. "You sleep well."

Her smile was bright. 'Meaning I don't snore or let my mouth hang open? Good."

A smart girl, sharp and proficient in seeming busy around the office. Had she picked him for this trip because she needed help writing her 'big story'? Because he could take the needed pictures, or because she knew of his upcoming job with Newsmag and thought that would give her a lever with the press services?

He'd better learn to play the civilian games, as she did. Cara couldn't write her way around the corner, but she had more contours than a relief map, and she could use them to uncover news leads.

Evidently she had, on this story. This morning she'd come to him in the coffee shop, whispered secretively about a terrific story in Korea, and asked if he'd travel with her, carrying portable typewriter and the office press camera. She made it sound mysterious and her eyes promised something more than a round trip to frozen Chosen.

A few more days in uniform, and he couldn't think of a better way to spend them than with Cara Lanning. What did it mean to him that she'd be slipping the completed story around army censorship, peddling it to a wire service?

He knew that much about the upcoming deal, that it concerned stolen GI equipment and the Korean black

market, and that the army would never admit it. He knew also that Cara was looking ahead for herself.

In the coffee shop she'd confided that a cut in strength was due among civilians in Japan, that headquarters Public Information would surely face a loss, and that she—well, she didn't like the colonels they worked for, not any more. So she needed a *big* story, an eye-catcher that would be her ticket to a good news job outside the army. Something like the Newsmag job he was getting, she'd said, and maybe he only imagined the touch of bitterness.

In the plane, the No Smoking light went on; he helped Cara with her seat belt, and she didn't flinch from the touch of his hands. She'd be no good for the Newsmag job, he thought; her loveliness might buy many leads, but the stories still had to be written and filed.

He thought then of the early days in Korea of the bad times and the Red burpgun stitching him across the belly. He found he could put words together, there in the hospital, and when he went back, the only way they'd let him was as a correspondent. Not in shape for a line outfit, the medics said—so he plodded along with the rifle outfits as a writer, the only difference being he could run if it got too hot, and the ordinary dogfaces couldn't.

"There's Seoul below," Cara said at his ear, tickling.

And Inchon, the port city, and Yongdong-po and the turgid waters of the Han. He'd seen swollen bodies dotting that river, and corpses in the Naktong down south, and frozen men in the ice of the bloody rivers to the north.

There was always a river, always a hill, always the dirty end of the stick and nobody anywhere else in the whole damned world seemed to care, which made it all that much dirtier. Somewhere, somebody ought to care about men dying.

The runways of Kimpo airport rose to meet the transport's wheels; the sound of rubber in screeching protest was a fitting welcome to Brad Turner, master sergeant, U.S. Army—pro tem.

Cara had it all arranged—the staff car waiting, the rooms at the Bando Hotel, even the bottle of blackmarket bourbon on the bedside table. Cara was a girl who thought ahead.

She motioned to the bottle and glasses, Brad put the camera case and typewriter into the closet and moved to the jug as Cara made some phone calls. Major somebody was one, Mister somebody another, and the talk was innocuous.

She took the glass Brad handed her, took a hearty swallow. He looked beyond her at the window on Changno Street and the country rode heavily upon him. Cara was saying something about food and he answered sure, sure.

Room service brought up platters of steak, sliced thin and simmered with cornstarch and redhot peppers, and the bubbling casserole called *shinsol-lo* and nice as white as the snows on Pekdu mountain.

He didn't think of the lovely woman across from him, but of the teachers in Monterey, of classrooms and weary hours of repeating, of Korean customs and history, and flash cards carried in his pocket for a year, so the Chinese character writing would be burned into his head.

Learn a trade in the army, he thought, and grimaced, beat your brains out on a language so the stupid damned army can send you to a place you can't use it. He wished he'd studied Japanese at DLI; Japanese would be a big help in the upcoming job. But maybe there was a budget for an interpreter, civilian outfits remembered things like that.

"It's—good," Cara said. "I never thought Koreans ate this well. I mean, I was over here once before, just for a weekend, and the Officers Club—"

He wanted to tell her Koreans didn't eat this well, not unless they were rich, and that Koreans didn't see the inside of an Officers Club not unless they were dishwashers. He didn't say anything.

She passed him a lighted cigarette and he tasted her lipstick on it. She poured drinks and made his stronger, and when at last he reached for her, she came willingly, expertly fitting her body to his. Cara's mouth was wild and warm but no more mobile, no more avid than her searching body.

She was scent and touch and movement, and it angered him somehow, so that he was rough with her, savage remembering the coolness in Japan, the social gulf so vast between chief and Indian, and this one belonged to the chiefs.

Outside in the night, a passing girl sang of unrequited love, outside in the moonglow, a newsboy called his

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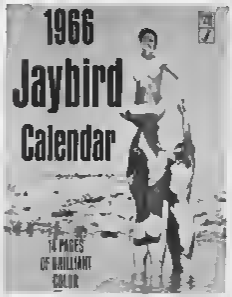
1966 Jaybird Calendar



Living Color!

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Date with a Hi-Fi

Houri

Relaxation for Joyce Wilson is a one-way street. She has even gone so far as to make it a daily routine right after she comes home from work. It's as simple as this: She slips into something very comfortable, then turns her hi-fi set to some soothing beat.

But we don't mean to imply—and you certainly shouldn't infer—that Joyce spends her entire time in the evenings at home listening to the radio. Such is hardly the case. But she does feel that a few minutes of corefree reloxation in the evenings put her in just the praper set of mind to face the activities af the evening. It's sart of a tanic.

Aside from the fifteen minutes to a half hour of listening to music, Joyce is really on the go all the time. Usually, after a short period of relaxation, she dashes into the shower, washes and changes clothes and is ready for an evening of dancing and dining out. You see, Joyce is a very popular girl. But popular or not, she refuses to sacrifice those few moments every day with her prize possession—her hi-fi set.

AN ANALYSIS OF OUR

WHAT'S WRONG

TRADITIONALLY, for at least a century, America has been the world's most romantic society. Love, heterosexual and monogamous and enduring till death, has been the ideal for which most of us were shaped almost from birth.

Since couples whose mutual respect, fondness and affection fulfilled this ideal have always been, in actuality, rare as orchids in Iceland, American traditional sexual behavior has been conducted on a much more realistic plane.

Before our females cut loose following the first World War, males in need of more and more varied sex than they got at home visited the whorehouse or "loose" women with which virtually every hamlet, village and town, to say nothing of our cities, was equipped.

In the between-war decades, the country went on a divorce binge, a binge which shows few signs of letting up. If a mate proved unsatisfactory, it became custom to shed same and hunt around for a fresh prospect—if such a prospect was not already at hand.

Where religious, social or financial considerations rendered divorce difficult, too costly or downright impossible, extra-marital unions were entered into increasingly and with a proportionately decreasing sense of guilt.

Yet even with American sex mores disintegrating under the impact of post-Freudian sexual-freedom doctrines, abatement of socio-religious restrictions and mounting numbers of call and charity girls, we remained orientated toward the traditionally life-image of romantic-love, marriage and monogamy.

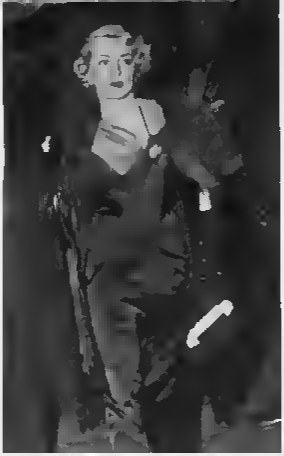
Our advertisers, from automobiles to sanitary napkins, customarily improve the appearance of their products by picturing them in juxtaposition to a lovely young female—and, presumably their sales, since they have used the device for years.

Our entertainment, on stage or on film, is heavily slanted toward lasting young love, romance and the

STRANGE SEXUAL MORES

WITH SEX?

BY SAM MANNERS



Lana Turner. A century ago, her many marriages might have hurt her career, but not in these more modern times.

happy ending. So accustomed have American audiences become to the final happy clinch that rare indeed is the tragedy that racks up a profit at the box office anywhere—or, if on TV, a rating high enough to warrant its continuance beyond thirteen weeks.

Legally, so thoroughly are we enmeshed in the monogamy tenent that men or women who find themselves unable to live with their mates are frequently haled before psychiatrists as if they were suffering from mental or psychological imbalance.

In short, if you can't conform, you must be crazy.

Despite all the above traditions and safeguards, however, there are portentous indications that the romantic dream of love's fruition is fading fast—perhaps faster than any of our authorities realize—and that our society is rapidly becoming sex rather than romance-orientated.

More and more, our young people want to discover whether they are sexually compatible before embarking upon the at-best dangerous voyage of matrimony. Although complete statistics in this highly personal matter are impossible to obtain, the *Kinsey Reports* and other surveys in depth indicate that premarital sex experience is rapidly becoming the accepted rule rather than the decried exception.

Film stars like Lana Turner or Rita Hayworth or shoals of others whose marital and extra-marital adventures would once have caused them to be hissed from public life, seldom even are forced into brief retirement because of what, a generation or two ago, would have been shocking and damaging scandal.

The blackmail market, once broad and fruitful as the prairies, has been narrowed to almost nothing. Only educators, diplomats and politicians are now vulnerable—and these as a rule only via homosexuality or fetishism or when matters of State are concerned. Merely bedding a call-girl, a gigolo or a neighbor's wife or husband may create a ruckus, but seldom is anyone permanently marked or damaged for such indulgence.

It is notable that the furor raised by Governor Rockefeller's divorce and quick remarriage to a divorcee came, aside from churchmen and other dedicated holders of the old Chinese Wall of sex morality, largely from members of the older generation.

Few teenagers or folk in their twenties and thirties were moved to write letters of protest. American youth, by and large, seems to agree with the late Marilyn Monroe, who once told an interviewer, "Sex is part of nature, and I go along with nature."

Hence, as the socially conservative older members of society die out, are retired or merely brushed aside by the immense growth of youth in the U.S., it would appear likely that our society should become increasingly sex-orientated and that romance should wither and die.

Not that men and women will not continue to make charming idiots of themselves over members of the opposite sex. Infatuation has always been with us, always will be, praise Allah! There will be lifelong happy marriages and affairs as before.

But the hypocrisy, the bleak horror of pretending marital bliss as a respectability status symbol, is rapidly fading. Couples will stick together to get the children launched as they always have — but they won't have to keep up the mask of compatibility for the world at large. With the result that they should have far less friction at home.

With sex-fulfillment an accepted major element of normal existence, all sorts of tabus are due to disappear or be altered beyond recognition. More of them with each passing decade.

Remember, it was a mere forty years ago that idealistic Kansas City Juvenile Court Judge Ben B. Lindsay became first a controversial national figure, then was booted from the bench in disgrace, for advocating publicly that young couples be granted a period of trial or, as Lindsay called it, "companionate" marriage before becoming legally spliced.

Such a recommendation would received scant notice from either the press or a shockproof public today. His recommendations seem both diluted and mild compared to some of our currently accepted customs in premarital sex.

The Judge, it thus appears, was never a criminal at all, despite the insistence of his enemies. He merely was born and opened his mouth a few years ahead of his time.

Actually, as things are going today, the sexual orientation of society will pass pretty much unnoticed, for it will hardly change the present-day status quo. About all it will mean is that nobody is going to be punished for doing what comes naturally. ■

Rita Hayworth: Scandal and all her many marriages never put a dent in her career.

BATT OF TWO

LE

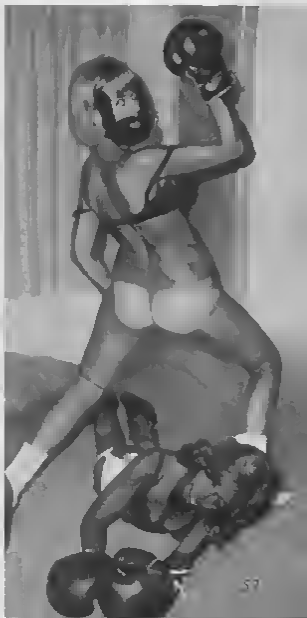
There are two opinions in the world of show business. One is that there is nothing new that can be done in the world of entertainment. Exponents of this theory insist that everything has been done before and that all new acts are just modifications or re-hashes of old routines. There is a second school of thought, though that insists that there's always room for something new.

AMAZONS

Tina Gibson and Rene Clark are members of the second school of thought. For years they have believed that there was room in the big world of show business for something entirely new and different—something that would pack the audiences in with standing room only. Of course, they had heard of lady wrestlers, but they didn't give the matter much thought until one night when Tina was lucky enough to get two complimentary passes to a wrestling match. Both Tina and Rene saw the show and enjoyed it, but they came away from the sports arena with something else in mind—something that was destined to change both their lives for the better. They made up their minds to become the first lady boxers!

Perhaps, if the girls had known then all ot the things that they know now, they wouldn't have been so eager to become the world's top temale boxers. First, and most important, they really chose a rough and tumble lite. It can be even worse it they don't perfect their routines very carefully. This care means hours and hours ot rehearsal time in which the girls have to perfect every move and every punch. This takes almost all day!

But, despite the hours of grueling exercise and despite the constant traveling from one arena to another, the girls still claim that they wouldn't want any other life than the one they now live. After all, they insist, just how many female boxers are there and how many people buy tickets to see their act. The way things are looking now, the girls may not have to keep up the pace for too long. The money is rolling in so fast that they both may retire in a couple years.



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PARDON MY SEX APPEAL

(continued from page 17)

But it is more a symptom, and indication, of the quality we're seeking, the intangible that causes otherwise, virtuous, respectable and self-respecting females to forget all their obligations and develop sudden onsets of round heels at the approach of certain males.

Not all such lucky fellows can sing, either.

Fame, success, notoriety can be factors. Each carries its own aura of magic and magnetism where women are concerned. A fine jazz musician of years ago, once put it this way — "If you do anything outside of a nine-to-five routine to make a living, and you perform in public, you'll be combing them out of your hair."

Okay, so how many of us are equipped and qualified to hold such glamor jobs? Damned few, alas!

Yet — and more mysteriously to their envious fellows — there are any number of men around, without visible distinction or magnetism, who seem to affect a large number of the women they meet somewhat as catnip affects your tabby. Perhaps it is some strange aura of life-force that remains invisible to less-favored male eyes.

When asked by a Hollywood interviewer as to her first reaction upon meeting her then-husband (since divorced), blonde British sex-pot Diana Dors replied in one word — "Unprintable." Yet, aside from having a reasonable quota of good looks, there seemed nothing remarkable about the fellow, even to unjaundiced male eyes. At least, not *that* remarkable.

Almost every man alive suffers from a lurking fear that he is not attractive to the opposite sex. However wistfully regarded, there is a bit of the Don Juan in all males, just as there is a bit of the Queen B in all females. The inevitable disciplines and restrictions of everyday life prevent the great bulk of us from ever finding out what our true sex-potential is.

Unlike most women of great magnetic appeal to the opposite sex, the man who draws females like flies may not even be aware that he has this special quality — or, if he is aware, may take it for granted. Asked how come he has a life chock-full of eager women, he may look honestly surprised and remark, "Why doesn't everybody?"

The converse holds true for the girls as well. You have at one time or another, attended a Monroe or Bardot movie with a girl and had her murmur, half in resentment and half in honest perplexity, "Just what do men see in that stupid looking little idiot?"

Usually, it's a bit hard to explain without knocking yourself right out of the batter's box as far as the girl at your side is concerned. You can hardly tell her what Marilyn (or Brigitte) looks like without risking a night in the deep freezer.

Similarly, most girls and women, lacking Diana Dors' freedom from inhibition, find it a bit difficult to explain to their escorts just what it is about, say, Joe O'Doakes that causes their hot little bosoms to palpitate with passion. However, the truth is probably the same, in reverse, as that of the males and Marilyn or Brigitte.

Something about Joe triggers a sudden quick desire to visit him under the sheets. The girls *know* when a man has it. Especially when he has it ready, even though he, poor sucker, may not realize the fact. And they react exactly as biology intends them to react, whether they admit it or not.

They may be fooled, of course. Let a male with or without a high-virility quotient become known for having enjoyed romance with a notorious beauty, and the rest of the sorority will come knocking at his bedroom door, if only to try him on for size.

In sex, as far as man is concerned, it is female reaction that counts ahead of his own desire. This again, is the way nature intended things. Therefore, the inspiring of such reaction is vital to a happy sex life for the male.

Most men, in all probability fail by being too wrapped up in their own needs. To inspire ardor in women, you must have the faculty of making them like you — which, in turn, means you must genuinely like *them*.

Not just one woman, or two, or three — but the whole lovely sex. This is probably the key to success we have been seeking. But your liking has to be genuine, quick and warm. Too many men hate and fear women, or are too self-conscious to be free with them.

These are the unhappy millions who must brood over their brew, trying to compute whether they have sex-appeal. The answer, of course is that they don't! ■

(continued from page)

mournful three notes to the late skies In the warm bed, Cara slept as the innocent, shaped to the curve of his body, and he was glad for the wealth of her hair, for the warmth of her skin, for the softsweet valley of her breasts

Only a tiny, cymeal portion of his mind nagged him, insisting that for all her fire and fury, this woman was using him So be it, he thought, everybody used everybody, and forgot it later

Maybe the generals hadn't forgotten, maybe General Oliver and General Pak remembered a sergeant Oliver had been a major then, in a shallow hole in the ground that could have become his grave, if it hadn't been for a crazy one-man attack, for covering fire Tiger Pak had been a lieutenant colonel whose regiment was on the run and out of ammunition He wouldn't have been called Tiger, but for the truckload of ammo driven through a Red roadblock by a crazy GI sergeant

Things happened and were forgotten, men died and none recalled that they had lived Woman made love furiously, in raging need that was often counterfeit

They had breakfast in the room, too, and Cara made more phone calls To someone, she said 'But that's—that's outrageous' He promised, and I don t have that much—very well, all *right* I said I'll find it today, somehow '

Brad looked at her over the rim of his coffee cup 'Trouble?"

The worst kind," she said "Money

'I've got about thirty bucks," he said. 'Who's it for—your informer?"

'Yes Dammit—he s holding me up for another two hundred dollars."

"How about Major Somebody—the guy you called last night?"

That *was* him He can get it from Finance, he says, but it'll take hours He s away up near the Demilitarized Zone "

'And Mister Somebody?" Brad asked

'Not in his office," Cara frowned There's a deadline, Brad nine o clock, and it's eight now I've *got* to make that payoff, I've just *got* to My watch, your thirty dollars, what I brought—it just isn't enough "

Brad shook his head "Maybe it's not worth it, this information "

"Oh, it is!" Cara's eyes gleamed at him "I can *guarantee* a story from this, Brad. Would you—I mean, with that pawnshop down the street—remember the one we saw when we came in yesterday? My watch, and—how about the camera, Brad? Could we get a hundred dollars worth of Korean money on it?"

He hesitated "Probably Koreans could move a good four-by-five without trouble But that's GI property, Cara We could get in—"

"Oh, Brad," she breathed, close to him, pleading "Only for an hour or two When Major—when the money comes down from the DMZ, we can get it right out again Nobody will know For me, Brad—please?"

He looked at her, her eyes held his steadily "Okay," he said "Get dressed I'll get the camera box "

"Good, ' she said "You'll remember this, Brad, you really will "

"Yeah,' he said

The day was sunny and the pawnshop had large display windows, but its overhead lights were on Brad paused in the doorway, camera box nudging his leg Cara went by him, hurrying, but angling off to one side, as if she didn't want to be seen He didn t blame her for that

Brad saw the curtained doorway beyond the inside counter, saw how bright it was inside He took a deep breath and stepped through the door, not glancing at Cara off to the side, watching the pawnbroker instead

Behind Brad, someone else came in off the street, a man who said softly "This is the one '

Brad kept going, and at the counter, lifted the camera box to slam it into the pawnbroker s chest Vaulting the counter Ben rammed through the curtains beyond and caught the photographer crouched low there He kicked the man in the head, the camera smashed against the stone floor

In the shop again, the pawnbroker tried a kick of his own Brad caught it on his hip, spun and came inside to dig mean, low shots to the belly The little man sagged and Brad whipped past him for the finger man, for Korean Number Three who stood flatfooted and gaping

Brad's right hand landed solidly, a piledriver smash that ruined the man's gold teeth Stepping over him, Brad locked the pawnshop door

White-faced, strained, Cara Lanning stared at him "B-brad? Are you all right? I—it was terrible—"

"Yes," he said "You wanted a story badly, Cara—badly enough to set me up for this Ten years, Cara —for a total of thirty, ten in prison for selling government equipment,

(continued on page 73)

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But what Paula is waiting for is some kind of new animal or thing that is going to show up in stuffed form. You see, before she began to collect the red and blue snakes, she had quite a large collection of stuffed birds, bears and other animals. Now, she hopes some company will start stuffing fish

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THE GIFT OF LOVE
(continued from page 11)

advisor, the Grand Vizier, for counsel in the matter.

The Vizier's name was Halgar, and he was a very wise old man, who felt great fatherly affection for the Princess.

"What do you suggest, Halgar?" asked the King. "Poor Halimar! she must wed soon, or explode like a bomb one night in her lonely bed. Yet —" he sighed — "I cannot blame her for accepting none of the simpering idiots who have sought to win her. You are wise, Halgar . . . is there a way?"

Halgar thought deeply. "The problem is complex, sire," he sighed. "The Princess is frustrated in her erotic nature, yes — and such frustrations must be eased, or they turn into a poison of the mind. Also, as you well know, sire, Halimar is petulant, headstrong and immature. In many ways she is a brat."

The King nodded. "Yet, give her time, and she will turn into the fine lady her mother was."

"First, then," said Halgar, "there is her frustrated sexuality. Second, there is her desire to be truly loved. Third, there is her immature view of love — a child's dream of Prince Charming. Quite a combination, my King. She will not easily be satisfied — as we have seen . . ."

"Ten thousand pieces of gold are yours," said the King, "if you solve the problem."

Halgar smiled. "I have quite enough gold, sire, to make me happy. Let me hope for better payment . . . namely, for the sight of *her* happiness."

And then Halgar thought and thought, and long moments passed and passed, while the King fidgeted on his throne and tapped worried fingers on its carven arm. Finally:

"We will offer her hand in marriage," Halgar said, "to the man who brings her a *true gift of love*."

The King blinked in puzzlement. "A — true gift of love, Halgar? You mean . . . such as coffers of gold, and precious cloths, and vases filled with gems?"

Halgar spread his hands. "I'm not quite certain *what* I mean, sire. The notion just came to me . . . and I feel that it has wisdom. Perhaps we will not know what the gift of love is, until we see it . . ."

The King's expression was still dubious. "But — will *Halimar* recognize it? It is all very well to say that we will offer her hand . . . but the choice will still be up to her!"

"Again," said Halgar, "I have only a hunch. Though she be immature, I have faith that her pretty face conceals a woman's intuition — or she would not have rejected so many suitors already. Don't forget, sire — she will be offered many hundreds of gifts, even thousands, and her heart must test each of them to see if it is truly a gift of love, or something else. Her powers of thought and feeling will be at their peak. Surely, when the real thing comes along, something inside her will know it . . ."

The King leaned back in his throne, a thoughtful smile on his face. "An interesting idea, Halgar . . . you are indeed a wise man. You would inundate her in gifts that mean little . . . gifts representing shallow motives, such as ostentation, and mere lust for her beauty, and social seeking — in short, all the echoing hollowness of material things. But somewhere among that hollowness, you hope, will be—"

"A gift of love," said Halgar softly.

The King turned to a scribe who sat at the foot of the throne. He dictated his royal decree — and it was swiftly copied a hundredfold, and within two days it had been sped by messenger to all the princes of all the neighboring desert tribes.

And so all the princes who had previously courted the lovely Halimar came flocking back again, in hopes of changing their luck.

This time, they brought gifts. And *such* gifts!

. . . caravans of gifts, and chariots loaded with gifts, and wheezing camels staggering beneath piles of gifts . . . gifts, gifts, gifts,

by the hundred-pound, by the ton

. jewels, and gold, and silver, and priceless artworks, and rare animals and birds, and the most exquisite perfumes, and every type of magnificent trinket to please a woman's heart, and so on and on and on . .

None of the suitors saw Princess Halimar in private audience, for Halgar was always present as chaperone The entire affair was conducted in the palm-shaded courtyard adjacent to Halgar's chambers Now and then the King dropped by to see how things were going Each time, he found the courtyard more crowded — for most of the princes, after offering their gifts, remained to see what others would bring The first day drew to a close, and, naturally, all the princes stayed as guests of the King The royal cook immediately dispatched an urgent plea for more funds, as the palace food-bill shot skyhigh

The days passed Many, many princes knelt before Halimar to plead for her hand, with vows of eternal love The mound of magnificent gifts grew and grew And the eyes of Halimar, as she sat in her sedan-chair in the shade, grew more and more troubled

"They are beautiful!" she said once to Halgar, who sat at her feet. "But are they gifts of *love?* To me, they speak only of wealth, not of love." She picked up an ivory-and-jade bracelet "It is exquisite — but it is cold No doubt it is worth a great deal — but does Prince Ali expect to buy me with it, as he would a horse or a slave?"

Halgar smiled wisely.

On the fifth day, a young prince arrived from the province of Suda, far to the north His name was Kalin He was tall and handsome and very muscular . indeed, he was by far the best-looking of all the princes who had come

Also, he was one of the richest princes in all of Arabia, for his seacoast land of Suda produced grapes and dates and wines and precious minerals in vast profusion Suda's dried-fish trade, alone, could have supported any two other provinces combined And the people of Suda were among the happiest in Arabia, for their Prince permitted them to be prosperous he did not drain them with taxes and tolls, and he was generous in his public works

The other princes looked at the newly-arrived Kalin in some envy — and they wondered what this very rich young prince had brought for Princess Halimar

Kalin knelt before the sedan-chair of Halimar, and kissed her hand

"Ah, Prince Kalin " said Halgar, the Vizier, looking at the young man with interest "I have been wondering if you would show up or not And now—" his eyes were curious — "you have, eh? On the very *last* day of this competition And you have come alone, riding one camel — with nothing more than ordinary bags, which must contain your food and water and fresh clothing! Your gift, sire, must be a small one "

"It is the greatest in the world," said Kalin, in a deep, sober voice

Halimar had been studying Kalin, and there was a frown on her lovely face She stirred on her cushions Her diaphonous garments did little to conceal the exquisite golden curves of her hips and breasts

"I have heard of you, Prince Kalin," she said. "But we have never met before "

"I have *seen* you, Princess," he said, "on my occasional trips to your city And though this be our first meeting, I have loved you from the moment I laid eyes on you — and always will!"

"Then why," she said curiously, "have you never courted me before?"

An amused smile flickered across his strong, handsome face "Because, dear Halimar, you were such an awful brat a lovely child, but only a child You were not *ready* for a man! So I waited, and hoped, and waited, and hoped and now, perhaps, you *have* grown up enough to know fact from fantasy, and to recognize what real love is all about!"

Halimar's face was pale and outraged She let out a hiss of

(continued on page 72)

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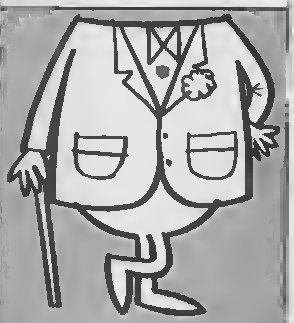

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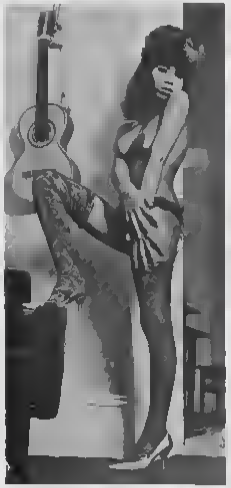
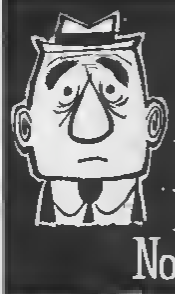
the pleasures of a pussycat

What gives a modern girl pleasure? Certainly she doesn't derive any great excitement from knitting or sewing samplers or doing any sort of tatting. Nowadays, we know our modern women derive their pleasures from more personal pursuits such as clothes that pamper and flatter their figures and other delicate things rather than feminine jobs as did their grandmothers. All this tells us a lot of what we want to know about Lori Jordan, but it is hardly the entire story. Sure, Lori loves to flatter her beauty and figure with clothes that are feminine and fancy and she doesn't like to make them herself, but she also has a great many other modern

One thing that Lori does, though, is as modern as it comes. She studies guitar and makes it a point to attend lessons at least twice in a week. So far, she is on her way to being a top folk guitarist



It is Lori's plan in life to become a top folk singer who will always be dressed in top style and there's no doubt in our minds that she will become just that. The only thing to remember, though, is the fact that she will always be a girl who is modern all the way. We doubt if anyone will ever see her sewing anything or tatting up a storm. It's just not her style. But then again, who'd want a hip girl like Lori to dress and behave just like her grandmother. Ridiculous, eh?



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fury, and turned her head away from him. "Is *that* the way you expect to capture my affections?"

He rose from his kneeling position and looked around contemptuously at the other princes. "My words are true," he said. "I would wager they are the *only* true words you have heard during these proceedings!"

Her eyes flashed. "*I* will be the judge of that, O, Great Master of Truth! And now, would you be good enough to produce your gift of love? Just put it on that pile, with all the others!"

He laughed. "My gift of love is *here!*—" he slapped his breast — "and *here!*—" and he slapped the golden handle of his sword. Without a by-your-leave, he turned his broad back on her and strode over to the great pile of gifts that shimmered in the sunlight of the courtyard. He stared down at the gifts, and laughed again, throwing back his head in true merriment. "*These* are not gifts of love, Halimar! By the sacred tongue of Allah, you *know* they are not gifts of love . . . *don't you?* Look at them! . . . jewels and gadgets and trinkets and gimcracks!—"

"And what have *you* brought?" Halimar said icily.

He drew his sword and lashed it out with a brawny arm, across the top of the pile of gifts. Jewels and gold objects and beads flew through the air, glinting like fantastic insects they scattered and skittered and bounced on the stones of the courtyard. He drew his sword in a backhand arc, across the pile again — more gifts flew into the air — a bolt of golden cloth, unrolling as it soared; a silver box of gems, releasing its contents like a rainbow, a vase of mace-powder from Egypt, spilling out to form a velvet cloud—

There was a roar of anger from the surrounding princes, and several stepped toward Kalin.

He thrust his gleaming sword high over his head, at arm's length, and he shouted in a mighty voice, "*Hold!*"

The angry princes stopped, to a man. Such had been the power of Kalin's shout.

The echoes of it died away against sunlit walls and minarets.

In the silence, he said to Halimar, "Hearken, Princess!— for *this* is the gift of love I offer you!—" he looked around at the scowling, waiting faces. "*I would die for you! I would fight to the death to possess you! My gift to you — is my eternal love for you!* . . .

Silence in the courtyard. Pigeons fluttered back to roost on a minaret. Halimar was staring at Kalin, as if seeing him for the first time. And Halgar was smiling slightly, though his expression was tense.

"Does any man here claim to love you as I do?" Kalin said. "If so, let him step forth and test his blade against mine!" He raised an arm and beckoned mockingly at the assembled, silent princes. "Come, now, all you devout lovers! You have brought your gems and gold and all your riches! . . . surely you are willing to lose a drop of blood, or your life, in an effort to win your true love, Halimar!"

The princes glared — but no man stirred.

Kalin nodded at the pile of gifts. "She cannot choose among this trash . . . it is all alike! Now is the time for *love* to speak. Does true love exist anywhere among you?" His sharp, ready eyes traveled their faces. "We are waiting . . . she and I!"

One suitor let out an angry breath, and stepped forward from the throng. He half-drew his sword.

Kalin spun instantly to face him, grinning, and he fell into a swordsman's crouch so deadly, so intent, so fearsome, that the man stopped in his tracks, with a grunt, and let his sword slip back into the scabbard.

Moments passed.

Kalin turned to Halimar. He dropped to his knees, and bowed his head.

When he looked up, she was holding out her hand to him.

Chuckling, Halgar went off to tell the King of his fine new son-in-law.

As the other princes filed from the courtyard, faces dark and embarrassed and thoughtful, Prince Kalin took his place in the sedan-chair beside his lovely bride-to-be. ●●●

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A DEVIL NAMED CARA

(continued from page 59)

the twenty I'd lose for retirement. You made it expensive for me."

She stared. "I—I don't know what you—"

The groggy cameraman came through the curtains and swayed against the wall; the pawnbroker lifted from behind his counter; Korean Number Three twitched on the floor. Brad said to the conscious ones. "I am a friend of Tiger Pak. The general has no use for thieves, less for traitors."

They sucked noisy breaths, sign of acute Korean distress. "No," the pawnbroker said. "Not the Tiger. Not traitors, we did not know what the woman wanted, only some pictures of you—"

Brad wheeled, hand blurring out to snap over Cara's wrist as she tried for the doorway. She clawed at his face and he casually slapped her into the wall.

"Damn you," she spat. "I wasn't going to show the pictures to anybody but you. It wasn't *that* bad; I just wanted the Newsmag job, and with you out of the way—it wasn't that *bad*, damn you."

Brad nodded. "Just a little bad, but that's enough, Cara. Just the little slips count—such as you not caring whether I could understand Korean. I can, even ugly, dirty old infantrymen attend the Defense Language Institute, I did, and studied Korean."

She jerked a head at the Koreans. "They won't testify. I can pay them—"

"Like you paid *me*? No dice, baby. I know a general over here who scares hell out of junior grade thugs like these boys and with good reason. You can't buy them new heads, baby, they'll talk."

Cara rubbed the cheek he'd slapped. "The colonel in Japan—I—he and I—"

"I'll bet you did," Brad said. "But I know a general there, too, guy named Oliver, and I'll bet the colonel—and that whole damned phony rack of deadheads at the office—I'll bet they don't carry a briefcase in Viet Nam. In fact, I'll check them out on that, soon as I get there."

Her eyes widened. "But—but the Newsmag job—the—"

"Not for you, baby, and not for me." He winked at her, feeling fine, feeling relieved he'd been pushed into action, into facing up to what he was, and what he'd always be. "Hell," he said, "I found a home in the army." ●●●

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lesson from a

Of oll the coreers offered ta women these doys, there is no doubt that one alone seems to be the most ramantic of the lot. That, of caurse is the coreer af being on airline hastess. What better situotion then, thon to have twa hastesses who shore the some oportment. Nathing, we would say!

tawny twosome

The girls are Bette Lee and Rita Stane. Both of them work for different airlines despite the fact that they share the same apartment. But that isn't surprising. You see, the girls went to high school and business college together and have been friends for years. Besides, they like sharing

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